Four Days before Thanksgiving, Boston to Colorado

by Timothy Gager

The daughter's trip, a travail, cross country; the painkillers were not the finisher mom needed—and the white sheets of the institution were too thin to provide her any comfort as she dreamt of swimming; a backstroke suspended over a waterless pool.

Her father stayed in the house, loud oracular crying from being left behind. Much louder than the open knifed berating, which continued until her mother opened the orange bottle.

Years early, there *was* silence, from the soft sliding of the daughter's nightgown opened to his hand; the tightness of her breath leapt into his groin.

So she says now, mother, it's my job to take you over the mountains-- away from what you know. There will be snow tomorrow, but today we drive.

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